

Why too much love turns him off

What! There he is, right in the middle of every American boy's dream—screaming fans and all. But David's one teen idol who's beginning to wish he weren't quite so lovable.

■ David couldn't stand it one minute longer: he had to get out of his apartment—for good. He had loved his sparsely furnished little pad high up in Laurel Canyon, with its sweeping view of the hills. It was a place he would never forget—the place where it had all begun to happen for him, everything he had dreamed about for years. He had moved into it as an unknown young singer and actor. He was moving out of it a star. Moving? *Fleeing* was a better word! And it soured his stardom, made him realize too late the tremendous price he was paying for his new-found fame—a price that never really became evident until he had already made his bargain, and it was too late to back out. And so he had to leave it now, the funky little apartment he had shared with his roommate, Sam Hyman, the trusted friend he'd known ever since the seventh grade, and his two dogs, Sam and Sheesh. For now it was no longer really his apartment. It had suddenly become public property, with a screaming gauntlet of teenage fans who refused to go away—worshipful young girls whose adoration did not quite extend to letting him have the privacy he so desperately needed. He could no longer go on working 14-hour days only to come home and find himself on public display, when all he wanted was the chance to rest, to be alone and recharge his batteries for the next day's incessant demands. How had it happened? How had these people found out where he lived? By a most devious but ultimately successful ploy. . . . “Can you believe it? They found out from my vet!” David had (*turn page*)